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striking and effective, displaying a peculiarity quite of the Italian school; the accompaniment is tastefully arranged, and adapted to the capacity of any performer.

THE DRAMA.

THE Tragedy of Werner was repeated on Saturday evening with increased success—too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Macready for redeeming from comparative oblivion, a production which has been too long lost to the stage; and we have no doubt that Werner will continue to rank among those characters which he has rendered peculiarly his own.

It is said Miss Kemble and her father are expected in Dublin very soon; her benefit took place at Covent Garden on the 25th inst.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

At a meeting held on Thursday, March 25, the Marquis of Downshire was elected a member of this Society; at the meeting of the preceding Thursday, a letter was read from his Lordship recommending the particular attention of the Society to Agriculture, the promotion of which had been a main object of its original institution. We are happy to understand that the Noble Marquis will continue to direct especial regard to this important subject. H. K. G. Morgan, J. W. L. Naper, and G. B. Hickson, esquires, were also elected members, and Mr. M. A. Shee, President of the Royal Academy, was elected an honorary member. In consequence of Mr. Lynch's illness, the lectures in natural philosophy have been suspended.

In conformity with the suggestion of the general selected Committee, and at the desire of Government, it has been resolved to charge for all future courses of lectures. The price of admission to each course in each department will be, to gentlemen 10s. to ladies 5s. Sir C. Giesecke is to commence his lectures on Mineralogy on the 19th April, and Dr. Litton his on Botany, on the 4th of May.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SUNSET ON THE LOWER SHANNON.

(By the Author of the Sonnets on the local Scenery of the South.)

How beautiful the tints of closing even!
The dark blue hills, the crimson glow of heaven,
The shadows purpling o'er the wat'ry scene,
Now streaked with gold—now tinged with tender green;
And yon bright path that burns along the deep,
Ere the sun sinks behind his western steep,
Soft fades the parting glory through the sky,
Commencing with the cool aerial dye;
While every cloud, still kindling in the beam,
In mirrored beauty prints the waveless stream.
Light barques, with dusky sails, scarce seen to glide,
Bend their brown shadows o'er the glowing tide;
And hark! at intervals the sound of oars
Comes, faint from distance, to the silent shores,
Blent with the plaintive cadence of the song
Of boatmen, chanting as they drift along.
But see—the radiant orb now sinks apace—
Gradual and slow, he stoops his glorious face;
And now, but half his swelling disk appears—
And now—how quickly gone! he scarcely rears
One burning point above the mountain's head—
And now, the last expiring beam has fled.

A. de V.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

LOVE, TIME, AND BEAUTY.

Beauty, resigned to Cupid's power,
Long lived a captive in his tower;
His rosy chain still held her fast,
But Time's sharp scythe cut thro' at last;
Exulting then, she rose to fly,
When Cupid, most maliciously,
A mirror to her eyes displayed,
Whose welcome sight her steps delayed:
"Now mark," he cried with elfish glee,
"What thou hast paid for liberty."

M. de V.

SONETTO.

Sperando, amor, da te salute invano
Molti anni tristi, e poche ore serene
Vissi di falsa gioia e nuda speme;
Contrario nutrimento al cor non sano:
Per ricovrarmi, e fuor della tua mano
Viver lieto il mio tenar, e fuor di pene;
Or, che tanta dal ciel luce mi vene;
Quant'io posso, da te fuggo lontano:
E fo come augellin, campato il visco,
Che fuggo ratto a i piè nascosti rami,
E sbigottisce del passato rischio.
Ben sent'io te che 'ndietro mi richiami;
Ma quel Signor, ch'io lodo e riverisco,
Omni vuol, che lui solo, e me stesso ami.

DELLA CASA.

TRANSLATION.

Long years, O love! from peace decoyed by thee,
I've vainly spent; but scarce one hour serene;
While false delights, and shadowy hopes to me,
The heart's empisoned nutriment have been;
Safe (tyrant!) now, from thy deceitful arm,
Life's even joy, and tranquil bliss I'll try;
Whilst heaven sheds light, to guard my course from
harm,
Far from thy toils and soft domain I'll fly.
Yes! like the bird to thick sequestered bowers
That hies alarmed, from some treacherous snare
Escaping;—so, from thy mistrusted power,
And voice recalling, love! my heart I'll tear;
For heaven my hopes to its celestial goal
Now wafting, claims it, and awakes my soul!

H. Y.

MY HUSBAND'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.
When on the brief and feverish race of life,
My overshadowed spirit sadly broods;
When hope retires from the unequal strife,
And her dark visions moment intrudes.

II.
The imaged past then brings but the regret,
Or that it was, or that it ceased to be;
And o'er the dim and dreaded future yet,
In mercy, hangs the veil of mystery.

III.
Vain thoughts! vain sorrows! what can it avail,
To count and scan the fleet and fitful hours?
What's done—what is to do—alike a tale,
And even the present moment is *not ours*!

IV.
Lasting alone what Time has written here:
These are the annals of his changeable flight,
White hairs, dim eyes, and faces pale with care,
Hearts calm and sad, that once were free and bright.

V.
Say then, my friend, is all indeed a dream?
Is there, as some have thought, no truth but *pain*?
Must hope, our only guide for ever seem,
Still lead us on, and lead us but in vain?

VI.
It is not so! on this thy natal day,
The first and holiest of all days to me,
I chase the demon of despair away,
And give one hour unto the muse and thee.

VII.
To deem existence but a length of years,
To seek not how, but how long life may roll—
To measure seasons by our hopes and fears,
And mete out moments for the human soul.

VIII.
Insane and fatal error! Is the sun
The radiant centre of eternal light,
Made for the dial that it shines upon?
Made but to mark the ages of his flight.

IX.
Man lives by lofty thoughts, and loftier deeds,
Not by the dull progression of his frame:
One glorious moment is all genius needs—
Ages of being for her sons to claim!

X.
Is it for *the alone*, or for mankind,
Thy high designs—thy golden dreams are given?
No! the kind heart, the comprehensive mind
For all, and for all time, were meant by heaven.

XI.
Then deem no longer, that thy life is brief,
Since in its little limit can be wrought,
(Idle our smiles or tears, our joy or grief,)
The mighty works of everlasting thought.

XII.
Within the tiny circle of this day,
Thine own peculiar day, how vast the sum
Of all that thou couldst think, or do, or say!
Compute—and wish those days already come.

XIII.
Be thou prepared to greet them as they shine,
Thy lyre new strung, and fresh inspired thy soul,
Meet them with joy as unalloyed as mine,
And they though swiftly, shall in gladness roll!

PAULINA.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We have received one hundred and eighty-seven thousand four hundred and fifty-three letters this week, all and severally claiming to be inserted, or at least! duly noticed in our notices to correspondents. Were we Briareus, with an eagle's quill in every one of our hundred hands, we should shrink from the attempt in despair; wherefore, as we cannot do all, the simpler and less involved way, is to do nothing. Meanwhile, we are happy to inform our anxious public, that we have, by great and unremitting exertions in their behalf, secured two superannuated glass-mashing keeves, for daily balaam boxes; and the executive of the country, hearing of our distressful case, has, with the promptitude and liberality which always characterise its proceedings, made over to our use several waste horse-barracks, in which to deposit the MS. literary accumulations of our first quarter, this day completed, with a promise of immediate possession of the five-acre king's store at the Custom-house docks, not being at present much encumbered with rum or tobacco, or any other drowsy or infamable materials. A few trains of Commissariat waggons, are likewise ordered to attend, *ad kibum*, for the conveyance of the transmisses to the river, down which they will be floated to their destination in barges provided for the purpose, with drums beating and banners flying, under convoy of the channel fleet, to be commanded by the scavenging commissioners, who have respectively received flags for the great occasion. Our friend Croker, member for the University, and secretary of the Admiralty, who always quotes the Gazette, as the leading Literary Journal of Europe, has directed a new broom to be prepared as the ensign on board the admiral's ship. The curious in naval tactics, "if they be there, and if these things be a care unto them," will see the fleet weigh anchor off Westmorland-bridge, and gliding over the watery-way, stand into dock, at sunrise on *Thursday* morning next, when an immense concourse of spectators is expected to witness this novel and interesting spectacle, (one of the many unexpected results of the late great healing measure,) as well as to renew their subscriptions, as they pass down D'Olier-street, on their return to College and the Squares. The expense of this grand national exhibition is intended to be defrayed by an income-tax, or some other equally popular impost, which will be most cheerfully paid by all true lovers of their country.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The first volume of a Treatise on Optics, containing the Theory of Impolarised Light. By the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, A.M. F.T.C.D.—Mr. Macfarlane, who is so favourably known to the public, by his work on Turkey, has just completed a tale entitled *The Armenians*; the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Tophorus. From the Author's residence in these parts, we may hope for characteristic illustrations of Turkish and Armenian life.—A Transcript from a curious MS. discovered under the foundations of the ancient Manor-house at Abbots Leigh, Somerset; to be called the *Royal Book, or Oracles of Dreams*.—The new Number of the Quarterly Review is advertised for the 30th of this month.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dobell's Travels in Kamtschatka, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 1s. boards.—Gertrude, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s. boards.—Phillips' Valence the Dreamer, 12mo. 5s. boards.—Descent into Hell, a Poem, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.—Acaster's Remedies for the Church in Danger, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Stephens' Comments, Vol. XVII. 8vo. 10s. boards.—Brady's Executor's Account Book, 4to. 12s. boards.—Fry's Listener, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. boards.—Merlet's French Grammar, 12mo. 10s. boards.—Synopsis of French Grammar, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Coveny's Revenues of the Church, 8vo. 6s. boards.—Essays on the Lives of Cowper, Newton, and Heber, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Hind's Three Temples, 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards.—Merthead's Dialogues on Religion, 12mo. 8s. boards.—Bannister's Humane Policy, 8vo. 14s. boards.—Hall on the Sea and Shores of the Realm, royal 8vo. 12s. boards.—Parson's Devil's Walk, 12mo. 1s. sewed.—Walsh's Brazil in 1824 and 1829, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 14s. cloth.—Bland's Philosophical Problems, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Andrew's Sermons on Prayer, 8vo. 9s. boards.—Addison on Females, 8vo. 5s. boards.—Fate on Hysteria, 8vo. 5s. boards.—Conversations on the natural Geography of Europe and Africa, by Mrs. Mathias, 2 vols. 18mo. half-bound, 5s.

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